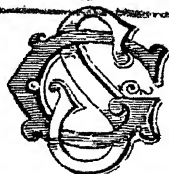
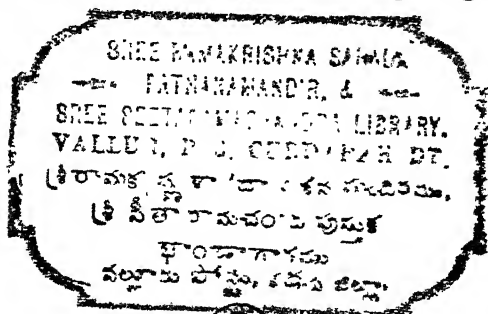




# THE TRUTH OF LIFE

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To  
PROTAP  
With Love from Barindra



## PREFACE

A LITTLE after my return from the Andamans I began writing my views on the present situation and general life in India in a series of articles in the columns of the *Bengalee*. Five out of those articles have been reconstructed, in the light of my later thoughts and experiences, in the shape of this booklet. This work only hints at what true life is and how human civilisation has all along been only a blind groping after such an ideal. The real truth of life can hardly be intellectually grasped, because one has got to realise it slowly by incarnating in one's life the higher truths of the super-mind. It pre-supposes almost a life-long sadhana, a gradual transformation of mind, life and body,—a divine revolution. No book can really give it to man but can only present an intellectual glimpse and create the beginning of a new faith.

“ARYA” OFFICE,  
PONDICHERRY. } BARINDRA KUMAR GHOSE.  
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# THE TRUTH OF LIFE

## I

### SHIVA'S DANCE

THE Indian mind, especially that of Bengal, is tired of mere negations; and everywhere, particularly among young men, there is an ever-increasing demand for a constructive programme. Through centuries of dependence the soul of India was getting more and more involved and the body was dying in consequence. Her spirituality, her culture, her arts and statecraft, her living dynamic organisms of social and rural life,—everywhere there was a complete winter sleep. But at last the impact with the West woke her from this slumber. She saw the material life and glory of these vital races and slowly remembered her past. That memory is not yet complete and so young hearts are still only groping for a fruitful ideal which



will express itself in terms of national life, a creative thought which will help to rejuvenate the limbs of the nation and build up a manly and self-reliant life-structure.

The Search is quite unconscious and blind, clogged and impeded by dead, effete thoughts and moulds of the old life, and hence the movement in the country is more destructive than constructive. The Nation-mother is in labour because the birth of a new civilisation is near. When India creates, she creates for the world, because she creates from the truth. Such a Creation—a re-birth of India from her truth of life is at hand, and so the spirit of destruction is abroad effacing what was old to make the new possible.

For Europe too, this is a period of pain. This pain or effort for new life is there in the shape of blood and strife and continual upheavals of destruction. Socialism, Syndicalism, Bolshevism—none of these is there to create. They have come to destroy, to strike and strike and break the hard thought-crust of ages, and thus release the limpid fountain of life, only to let it flow and recreate their world, over again. To-day, in Europe, nothing is stable; shock after shock of moral, political and economical earthquakes are leaving the old structures of life in

ruin. Veritably, the dance of Shiva's destruction is there in every movement, specially in Bolshevism. Bolshevism is the sledge-hammer of Europe's conscience—that conscience which went to sleep crooning songs of luxury and ease, only to be awakened untimely into a half-dreamy fit of fury. The result is a class war. There is a dream in that—a dream of creation, but the soul of new Europe is scarcely awake as yet. A class war can never be the Synthesis of life which will fulfil all and destroy none, which will weave colours and designs of infinity into a rich mosaic of life and yet keep the unity of underlying truth.

Not only in India or Europe, but all over the world it is the period of Rudra, the destroyer. The Brahmà of the age is yet asleep. That is why it is so very difficult to create anything enduring now; whatever man takes up, the spirit of the age perverts or destroys. Every movement is foredoomed to failure. The ocean of life is being churned and churned and the energies of the world pent up in old crusts are continually being released in disintegration. All this will go to create a new world when the breaking up is complete. Even the great men of the age are all unconscious vandals who set forces of ruin in action almost blindly thinking

that all the time they are doing nothing else but creating.

So I say that the birth of a new constructive ideal is not yet there. When that song of creation is once sounded, the heart of humanity will well up in an up-surge of joy, and that bliss will incarnate itself into a new race of gods who will build in love a peace and a world-harmony.

And yet this cult of destruction is a thought—a potent idea instinct with power. You can never crush an idea with the sword. You will only help it to burst forth all the more lurid and potent, you will only give anarchy a fresh impetus, a new lease of life.

Thought must be met with a higher and more potent thought. An idea is immortal; it can never be killed, but can only be transformed or re-incarnated. It is high time that a White Bolshevism should replace the Red one. Those who are crucifying humanity with a crown of thorns know not the resurrection. Yet unwittingly they are working for it.

Those of us in India who are tired of a negative programme need not travel to Europe to borrow their ideal. The East—the cradle of our race, the home of the thought-soul of the world, has heard the wail of sick human

misery. From here, as ever, will go the solace and panacea. For Asia—pre-eminently India—has the genius and the spiritual insight to harmonise knowledge, love and power. It is the power she lacks, for which she is still groping. But to seek is to attain. There is no other country on the face of the globe which has the daring genius to unify and worship love and death in one and the same symbol—Kali, the eternal mother-soul of Man.

To those of my young friends who have turned their faces towards the West for a message of inspiration and hope I say—Look homeward ; search into the depth of your souls for the unifying principle of truth and recreate our social, economic and political life in its image.

## II

### THE IDEA AND NOT THE SWORD

IT is an enigma to many minds—this talk about things spiritual in connection with politics. This is where England has conquered India. The conquest of the sword is nothing. It endures only for a time and then is shaken off like an incubus by the living organism—the nation-soul of the country. This has been repeatedly seen in history. It is the idea which conquers. When the idea creates, it endures; when it inflicts and crushes life, it is with difficulty flung aside and broken.

The Greeks came only to go away, yet they were a great nation. The Sikhs tried to conquer Afghanistan and the soul of the mighty mountain shook the incubus off repeatedly. The same fate overtook the great wave of plunder and ravage which Taimur brought. The Mahrattas when they had ceased to think and create owing to the exhaustion of the

soul-force infused in them by the twin-souls of the age, Ramdas and Shivajee, came to Bengal only to plunder; and so the flood passed away and was dissipated like a bad dream: That very act of vandalism—that shame ended in the suicide of the luminous thought-soul which was re-creating the Maharashtra.

But the Moghuls came and reigned in India seven long centuries, and why? The marvellous dream picture of love, the Taj, will tell you why. The idea of equality and brotherhood which created saints like “Nanak, Kabir” and “Ruhidas” will explain why. The spiritual Mantram—the soul-wave of the ten great gurus—“ek omkar sat Kartar Purush”—which went to build up a new humanity of heroes and saints out of a cowed race will explain why. The Mohamedans with their pre-eminently Asiatic poet-soul came and touched the sleeping soul of India into a new awakening. The two great civilisations mingled and mingled, and both were enriched beyond calculation.

Then came the English with a new touch of light. They were sent because the thought-light of India was blurred and burning dim. They came with their touch of rationalism

and daring to re-kindle unwittingly the gradually involving light into a blue lambent evolution—a new age-soul. It is neither the Lion nor the Crescent but the same world-spirit creating and recreating itself again and again and thus saving the world—His “Lila”—from decadence. Thus the voice of God in the Geeta—“Sambhavamī Yuge Yuge”—is fulfilled. God incarnates himself as a saviour not only in the form of a Christ or a Buddha, but also in the form of a movement, at times—a racial glacier.

The Western thought came with the sword of the British and that alone gave durability to this apparent domination of a continent. That light foot-fall of God was not heard in the din and clash of the sword and the thunder of the cannon. It was time for Asia—the mother of thought—to arise in a synthetic resurrection—to know herself and live again for the sake of Humanity. England—the instrument in the hand of god must understand that India can never be conquered, rather it is She who is the Eternal Conqueror. She is the perennial fountain of Truth, of the life-divine, the only path—the onward march of man Godward.

Take any great civilisation, go to the root of it and you will always find a Christ or a Buddha there. It is the child of light who touches the

world-lotus into life, and thus a civilisation is born. Kings, armies and empires are an after-thought of the light, the leaves and twigs of the great tree of age-conception. Seek this light and you will get the touch-stone which rejuvenates, as if by magic, the panorama of a nation's dream fulfilled. The eye dazzled with the material glamour of the world is, indeed, a pigmy in faith. The heart that has not the patience of the sage cannot see that this pitch darkness of night heralds the brightest dawn, that the fall and sin of a nation is only the crucifixion of Humanity for a glorious resurrection. In the whirligig of life, only that race is indeed to be pitied whose race of Joy and "bhoga" is really run. But India is only in the trance of Shiva—soon, very soon, the Shakti will spring out of him into being and dance the raptured dance of creation and then our Shiva of Truth will wake and India will ensoul Him.



### III

#### THE SOUL OF A NATION

A NATION is a living organism with a soul of its own. It is instinct with feeling and pulsating with desire. It breathes the breath of life as much as any conscious body, it loves and hates with the love and hatred of a living thing. A nation ensouls a truth of the infinite and creates from there, it dies only when its soul is denied expression, its soul which is indefinably tangible—subtly vital.

Can you show me the soul of France which shines the brightest in the midst of the crash of red destruction and yet which dreamt and wept and loved in a Victor Hugo or a Balzac? Can you put your finger on that spiritual entity of Russia which incarnated itself in a Tolstoi or a Turgenieff and lives immortal in her countless martyrs? What is it which keeps Ireland alive from fire and sword, from poverty and servitude, which creates a Collins and a George

Russel together? You may as well try to know the unknowable, to touch with your finger the line where the heaven of stars and the earth of man meet. Each nation has a soul and each is great in its own way, each an aspect of the truth of life. You just feel the soul in the peculiar genius of a nation and can only know that it is there.

The soul of humanity ensouls those of nations. The whole truth of life is there in the soul of humanity for a seer to see and a sage divine to realise. This oversoul is the greatest of all poets; it loves poems of colours and variety and writes its eternal epic of life with the cultures of numerous races as so many lines of beauty and thought. It is the one dawn of a thousand changing hues unfolding the dream of the Eternal in a continued joy of colours. No single nation by itself can create this whole poem, this perfect song of life. Hence a nation which seeks to replace the culture of another with its own is a vandal of destruction for having missed this perfect truth of life.

In India were seers who could transcend their own nation-soul and could find this perfection and harmony of life—this synthesis of truths. Here men understood that to be

national was human and to be universal was divine. Man must transcend himself and live and fulfil himself in a God. So the beauty of Indian culture is that it is the world-culture in a symbol. That is the secret of India's strength; she lives, if at all, from the truth, the whole truth and not from a mental ideal. She reached the fountain-head of creation and from there alone created; that is why even her fabric of life endures centuries of shocks and conquests. Horde after horde of conquerors have come and gone, and yet India lives; their swords have sought hard to destroy and have always failed to find and kill her soul. They did not know that to fight India was impossible. You may as well fight with the cool dark silence of the night or the twilight trance of evening. You may as well fight with the moving spirit of spring or the still small voice of your heart. In fighting it you are conquered all unknown to yourself and slowly disarmed of your ego by the spell of this spiritual entity. The soul of your own culture vibrates in communion and surges out towards this completer fulfilment and the children of thought of the conquering foreigner bow to this world-mother.

In vain does Europe try to replace India's culture with her own; it only helps to call the

self-involved light to life again, to hasten the inevitable morn by its closing darkness. England is trying to teach India her statecraft, her industrial conflict, her individualistic competitive nationalism ; India absorbs them all only to quicken the growth of her own garden of life. The nationalism of the West is received and that luminous light is turned inward only to find India's Taj—her dream-palace of life already built there. The West is groping towards the light and India is light herself. Asia, through Christ, Buddha, Mahomed, Zoroaster, Confucius and countless unknown children of light has won the world again and again, and India is the great dynamic of this immanent light, the mother of humanity. Let India live and attain her own, and the world will automatically find back its balance in a new poise of Truth.

#### IV

### THE REAL FREEDOM

NO country in the West or in the East is free in the true sense of the word. The so-called organised governments—always organised for the benefit and temporal, well-being of the few, are fast crumbling away. The much-vaunted Western culture and civilisation wanting to create a heaven for man—the moral and intellectual animal, failed to interpret the divine infinity in man pressing eternally for expression. So that top-veneer civilisation is being shattered on the bedrock of greed and discord and is in the throes of death. The old world is perishing to be re-born in the spirit and be in harmony and in tune with the perfect lyric of life. The world is fast finding out how no country can really be free until man is free of his lower nature. The great basic Indian idea of life is the God in the form of man keeping a firm seat on the

animal in him ; that is the most perfect and harmonious expression of the eternal truth of man's true self.

Man is a composite entity and embodies every phase of creation in himself. From the lowest depth of Hell to the highest of Heaven is in him. The lower physical and vital beings in him are the animal, the rationally mental and æsthetic being in him is human and the supra-mental being in him is divine—the super-conscious of his true self. When he is freed from his lower Prakriti into his higher self he sees the truths of all his beings and becomes the master of his lower nature. Then he not only knows freedom but lives it and can give it to others.

The rational man has had from time to time glimpses of the higher freedom and unity and has tried to imprison this aspect of the truth into a mental construction—an ideal. But what is true in the light of a higher unity and vision becomes perverted when sought to be applied to the untransformed lower life of man, as for instance man mistakes uniformity for unity and forgets that diversity is the basis of creation and can never be levelled. Try and efface it times without number and it will only reappear in a new disguise. To find the

basic unity you have to transcend dualities and see the truth of them all. Then you can create and create real freedom. Democracy is only a part of life, one of its many aspects. Monarchy as well embodies a truth of its own and so does every form of human society yet evolved. Real truth of life harmonises all, fulfils all and destroys none. Man has, individually, to see this truth and be it before he can evolve freedom for all.

In solving the great problem of India the world-problem must necessarily be solved. You cannot evolve freedom until you create a spiritual civilisation which will purge the world free of lust and animal competition. An eternal scramble for the good things of the world on which the human animal feeds can never restore the rhythm and peace of life. In the midst of a sick and suffering humanity nothing will endure which does not combat and cure this disease and heal life. India cannot be free leaving the rest of the world in bondage; why only India, no country can do so without corruption stifling her freedom. Repeated experiments have been made with the individual and the national entities of life and as a result both individual and nation have equally preyed on society and humanity; the concord

and free growth of life is destroyed and checked. It has only ended in creating a soulless machine always on the war path for its rights.

But the old world is dying hard in us. We, in India, are dreaming of basing the temporal well-being of man on an ethical basis. Our movement is a moral movement and man is required to be good because it pays to be good ; it is the same petty political pill sugared with a thin layer of half-spiritual, half-ethical sentiment. The great basic truth is forgotten, that man, a spiritual entity, is growing from within into infinity and the mind and body are only the expression—the welling up outward of his soul. That freedom alone can endure and go towards creating the perfect civilisation of man which starts from this truth, giving man the freest scope of growth socially and politically. One step in advance is not enough for the leader and creator of future India. A blind man can never lead a great continent of nations to complete fruition of life.

If thought is more potent than the sword, be the greatest thinker and so the greatest creator for the sake of your country. To be blind of the spirit and yet be ethical is a partial and mutilated view of life ; morality for morality's sake is a utopia. For the Hindu there is no



Satan, there is only God in his dual panorama of *ananda*; ethics is the refuge of the timid denying the infinite and always on the run to escape a part of Him. Synthesis is possible only when you realise the God of Ananda to find heaven, earth and hell fulfilled in an infinite joy of creation.

Politics can uplift and free man only when it is instrumental in creating the freest scope for man's infinite march onward. India to grow and evolve her soul must culturally live her own life socially, economically, politically and spiritually; then and then alone she will save herself and in recreating her soul be the saviour of humanity. In such a scheme of life you need not preach non-violence, self-control or self-denial alone, but can show how the dualities are the two arms of God always guiding you towards the Shiva in yourself. Indian spirituality is not an opinion, or assent or a hypothetical philosophy but it is direct perception of life itself. Here mere intellectual knowledge is transcended and man reaches the realm of truth itself and his own infinitude of power and knowledge.

This higher vision of life must be grasped before the builders of the nation can really think of rebuilding our destiny and along with

it a new world. We must be Indian in the true sense of the word and understand what truth India stands for and reveal it individually in our lives before anything in the nature of a national creation is possible. But we are more or less a hybrid and denationalised product of the very education we condemn. That is why we cannot help thinking the thoughts of an age in the West which is already nearly of the past; we try to save India and build out of her an empire; while thinking of the future we have to create, we can only think of a materially prosperous India free only of her political shackles—perhaps, a gilt and bloated sham republic run by money-fiends making soulless automata of the simple and the poor.

Real Aryas have ceased to be, so Aryávartha is only a name devoid of the underlying living truth. Indians must come with Indian thoughts, Indian dreams, Indian ideals, before India can really live again. Rishis must come who can churn the ocean of life in their life sadhana and envisage and reveal Bharat again in her plenitude of glory—her truth-soul.

## V

### A NEW RACE OF DIVINE MEN

In these days of democratic principles, people generally run away with the idea that Kings and aristocracies are an imposition from outside, which has to be discarded altogether. But it is not so at all. To speak in the language of Doctor Frank Crane, "Kings and aristocracies are an outgrowth of the people's belief that a human being ought to be a glorious thing, just as a Cathedral is an expression of the inextinguishable belief that a human being ought to be a divine and eternal thing."

This pathetic effort of humanity to express that inherent grandeur and largeness of its life has failed, because man glimpsed the truth mentally and tried to live it with an imperfect instrument—his untransformed lower nature. To envisage a truth is easy, but to ensoul it and embody it is difficult. To be a king or for the matter of that the president of a real republic

one has to be almost a god. Only divine men can rule and rule truly. Partial truths and imperfect instruments will never do, it will only pervert and mutilate life and make a masquerade of greatness.

Human mind is not capable of realising the truth in its infinitude; it only gets hold of an aspect of it and in its blind passion for it denies the rest. That is why human civilisation has again and again failed to express life fully and keep it open infiniteward. Life is true differently in different planes. The two aspects of a duality are both true in a way. Himsa and Ahimsa are also both true, life and death are only the two sides of the one and the same verity. Ahimsa or self-control is the dharma of an ascetic. Such a man who is purifying himself through Karma and self-sacrifice is only the beginner controlling his lower nature to fit himself for self-realisation. But once you attain or begin to attain self-knowledge, nothing matters.

When we are impure and live only in the mind, life and body, anger or lust or any form of acute desire hurts us and hurts us spiritually. This lower vital and physical life lived for its own sake dims in us the vision of our higher self and drags man deeper and deeper in

ignorance. This is where morality forms a part of spiritual truth, and save and except this deeper spiritual significance morality has no sense, no meaning for man. The slave of virtue and the slave of vice are both in bondage, the Vidya and Avidya are both Maya. There have been worse forms of tyranny perpetuated by virtuous men than by sinners.

First through Karma and then through self-effacement and surrender to God we conquer duality—both evil and good, and thus live free and attain the peace of the supreme revelation. But this higher life does not mean that we shake off our lower being, only it is transformed and changed into the stuff and light of the divine being and then used as the fit vehicle of life-expression of the divine man. In such a state god, man and animal are held in a harmony of 'Lila' where they fulfil each other. In the case of the spiritual man only his intellectual and mental being has received the light and been freed in the universal consciousness, the rest of his nature being left unregenerate and dark; he is like a high mountain with its highest peak perpetually in light leaving the belt of cloud far below. But in the case of the divine man, the light is not only on the hill-top but travels lower and lower until

his whole being is revealed and changed. For him alone is the complete vision of the truth of life, for he alone is the Isha of infinite knowledge, power and ananda and he alone can build and create from his plenitude of mastery like a God. This is what India holds as her life-truth and has got to live it first individually and then nationally. A divine race has to be created to help humanity to a new evolution. The race of mind and reason is run; it can create nothing new. The gate of the infinite must be opened wider again in man and new power and ananda released in the world before this consummation can be reached.

Tolstoyism may be a great thing for Europe, but India has evolved infinitely greater verities. The educated men of India generally are a queer amalgam of the material West and the dead and degraded East. As far as they have learnt the West so far they have unlearnt the East, and what little they still know of their nation and culture is out of books and scriptures. They do not belong to a living and dynamic India because they have forgotten to commune with her soul. India being dead culturally, the culture of the West has not really been assimilated by us and so this new light instead of

fulfilling our race-culture has only sought to replace it.

The Indian mind educated in the atmosphere of the West cannot unlearn the narrow selfish egoistic nationalism which has been the curse of the world. The material prosperity of the Occident has clouded our race-intuition and the momentum gathered in the last hundred and fifty years of intellectual servitude continually impels us on to more and more of impure Karma. A Swadeshi patriot is really a Western demagogue in dhoti and chuddar deluded with the idea that he knows India. He does not know what secret chord in the national being has to be touched to make her live again, what truth of her soul to incarnate in order to make India her own true self again. That is why it is necessary to create men—a new race of gods, before creating the dream-palace of the mother. When Kshatriyas deteriorated, the Rishis of the old breathed power into new races and made them heroes; when Brahmins decayed, the Sadhana of a life-time revealed the truth and pure men were made to ensoul it for the race and thus become Brahmans.

## VI

### A NEW STEP IN EVOLUTION

THIS world-play or *lila* is the language in which the Infinite expresses itself. Each soul is a centre of creation and each nation a thought of the eternal mind and as thought after thought of the Infinite mind blooms in the cultural lives of nations, the great poem of life is written. There is no finality in the Infinite, so man fulfils himself through countless ages and is ever new, ever presenting a fresh aspect of the eternal verity which was hidden before. Out of the thought of the Infinite the world is born, and the great Truth lives and creates in man. Confine man to only one of his infinite possibilities—and he becomes sordid and poor. Life is at once beggared of all its promise and joy and the whole nature of man rebels and cries out against it. Man is nothing if not infinite and that is why he is synonymous with progress. The great thinker Ouspensky



truly said,—“In reality we feel despair only when we begin to regard man as something finite, finished; when we see nothing beyond man, and think that we know already everything about him. In such form the problem is truly a desperate one.”

It is because man is infinite in his possibilities that out of cold hard stones an Ajanta is built and the sordidness of life made instinct with poetry. Religion, politics, morality or any one phase of life carried to an excess at the cost of the rest sooner or later degenerates into crime. A civilisation built on such a basis not only preys on humanity but becomes suicidal by destroying the true harmony and breadth of life. Man lives and lives truly with the flood-gates of the Infinite open in him, and it is then only that he is really creative. The history of nations has again and again proved this message in the most unequivocal terms. Again and again man in his ignorance has been captivated with only one phase of the eternal verity and has built a culture—his house of cards—on it to see it tumble down about his head. The very impetus in him ever welling up for a more complete expression and fulfilment has destroyed the self-built prison. And then in a clarion note the call has come

forth—"Onward!" That civilisation will alone endure and help man to develop which bases its culture on the eternal march of man towards his self-realisation. The freest country is that which allows "the true and real progress of life in the broadest striving towards knowledge, that does not recognise the possibility of arrestment in any found forms at all." All the "cracies" of the world have failed and failed miserably because they have closed the flood-gates of the Infinite and made a fetish of one age-principle for all ages. So when man in the pride of his ignorance has refused to move, the world has mercilessly moved on without him and in that movement the false has been destroyed. It is ever inevitably so.

Each truth of the infinite comes for the world to embody it and thus fit itself for the next. Man's life ought to be a continual fulfilment from truth to truth unto infinity. God himself is taking form and that is life. Those who are god-men and creators, they ever walk this path of an eternal call, this song of an unfolding harmony. But those who are destined to die lose this complete vision of life and try to fix one truth into a rigid ideal for all times. They prefer a corpse to the living. It is the eternal story of Shiva with his dead consort Shakti on his

shoulders. The soul of man—Shiva—is not free until the bolt of heaven comes and scatters the corpse into pieces and delivers him from his mental bondage of a narrow ideal.

Even this sordid politics is made nearly divine when it merges into the spiritual. Man is never exhausted in either his political or social aspect and each phase when artificially detached from the complete harmony of life is robbed of its fruition and ceases to be creative. That is why it is always the man of truth or the idealist who creates an age, he alone being intuitively alive to the call of the Infinite in himself. The scheme of a new creation is for him to lay out, and after him comes the horde of masons who are necessarily blind to the entire thought-principle of the age, yet responsive to his touch they lay stone upon stone in building the cultural edifice of the time.

Each age-principle incarnates itself into its great men who attain and embody the Dharma of the yuga. Thus it has gone on unfolding higher and higher life, raising man from the physical to the vital and thence to the mental plane. The history of civilisation has been the gradual growth of these three beings of man, one out-growing itself and opening into the other, taking the stuff of the lower into the

higher and changing it there. The movements of life were being more and more widened and made subtler and freer in their dynamic play. The physical man had one day broken his narrow hard crysalis into the vital giant, at first perhaps a few isolated savage kings or wise sorcerors and then generally. Then slowly evolved the rational and æsthetic part of the mind out of the vital man's instincts—memories and associations of loose ideas. Man could not remain where he was, as he was always reaching out into his heaven of being for greater and greater joy and beauty. Thus human civilisation has raised the animal-man on to the realm of the higher intellect and created the present civilisation. But it cannot stop here either. Already the call has gone forth for man to be re-born in a still higher being of his own and a divine race is imminent. Already the mental sphere is too small and circumscribed for the child of light. It is always the story of the deluge and the divine fish rescuing the creation. God in the shape of a 'small fish came and sought refuge from danger with Manu. He placed it in his pitcher. Next day it was grown too big for his *kamandalu* and he placed it in a pond. The day after that it outgrew the pond too and had to be placed in the sea. Then the

sea was covered by its divine body and Manu at last knew it to be God in incarnation come to save his own creation from *pralaya*. The story of man's growth is the growth of God in him in like manner.

Already harbingers of the new race are coming into the world bringing the new light and emanating the supramental powers; these are our spiritual men and avatars. They are yet out of the common run and considered miraculous, because the evolution of man is only just on the brink of a new step. This light must be canalized and steadied, the new truth must, first, be seen, realised and incarnated in choicest human vessels. Not only that but all the lower sheaths of man must be raised up and transformed into this radiant stuff of the supra-mental world. Then and then alone humanity can come to its own and become divine. This is what Arabindo is bringing into the world. He has already ensouled the truth and is perfecting it in himself and others in order to show that it is possible for man to be divine. The path is still narrow on a sheer height with abysses on both sides; it will be safe for man only after it has been achieved and perfected in him and those who are called and chosen.

